342 it, exactly over the main store-room below. There is no parapet, only a tiny raised rim to direct the rain into a small gutter-hole, on the rare occasions when there is rain; but it has a fringe of cut thorn bushes arranged round the edge to prevent an enterprising goat jumping across from the next-
351 door roof not many feet away. I didn't, however, go up on to
296 the roof, but on into a larger courtyard where there was a pool in the corner at which their washing is done. They would not dream of polluting the running water by washing themselves or their clothes in it as it flows by; they draw off what they want for these purposes into a separate pond of their own.
351 Then under a large shady tree there was a raised stone plat-
513 form which acts as a "sofa" by day and as a double or treble or quadruple bed by night—for, except in the depth of winter, nobody sleeps indoors. There was another raised platform, with a wall at the back and open in front and sides, roofed in for another sleeping place. It had a railing along under the roof, and over this were hung all sorts of padded quilts, homespun
[136] blankets, sheepskins, etc.—the family bedding. All the bedding is taken out and hung up every day, which helps to account for the complete lack of vermin—which I confess came to us as a happy surprise. In all our year in Hunza we saw only *one* flea, and that, as David said, was emphatically our own!

245 Round the corner from these sleeping places I got into a
312 walled-in shady garden full of fruit trees—apples, mulberries, peaches, apricots, and vines. It is incredible how luxurious mere *shade* is at such a temperature. It wasn't remotely like a garden in our sense. The earth was bare without one blade of grass or green, and was all cut up into little beds round each precious tree, with banks between them, so that the water could be directed to each tree as desired, when it was No. 1's
514 turn to have water at all. In the far corner of the garden was
343 a neat little circular "open-air pulpit." We had seen these pulpits dotted about, but—stupidly—did not at once guess what they were for. Coming straight from Kashmir, where the approach to each homestead is ankle deep in filth, or remembering Arab habits in Iráq, we never expected that we should find in Hunza a people as scrupulously decent as ourselves in

2: Lorimer T-3 (1927-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

514 343 matters of sanitation. The lower chamber of their little pulpits is closed with one large slab, which makes them easy to clean; the upper is well supplied with nice clean sand, and has a small hole in the floor. The entrance opening to the upper part is narrow, and anyone inside is completely hidden; even so we never saw man, woman, or child disappear into one. The most prudish maiden aunt would never need to blush as she would in the streets of Paris or by the creeks of Basrah; and whatever Islám may recommend, the Hunzukuts does not dream of allowing his running water or his drinking tanks to be fouled by man or beast.

The pulpits must be regularly and frequently cleaned out, for, though they often stand beside the path, you never get a whiff from them to suggest their necessary purpose, yet I have never seen one being emptied; that also is a job they evidently prefer to do in the privacy of darkness.

252 A red felt carpet was quickly brought and spread for me, and soon the entire family was sitting round, making conversation. I went back another day soon after, also by invitation, and was allowed to watch Bibi Gímo cook the greens and bread for the mid-day meal. In the summer they cook in the open, in the garden or on the roof, which often has a roofed verandah or even a lightly enclosed upper room added on in front of the upper store-room. She had a little hearth of big stones to hold her tiny fire, and over it sat the big stone cooking pot of vegetables. In olden days the bread was cooked on hot stones, but nowadays everyone has a convex iron griddle which can rest either on the stones or on a tiny iron trivet. They have a neat, shallow wooden tray in which they knead their flour, adding a little water till it has become a flaky dough. Then they take the lid and on that roll out small lumps of the dough with the most ridiculous-looking toy rolling-pin hardly half an inch in diameter. They roll the dough into thin, thin pancakes, lift these with a wooden spatula on to the griddle, and turn them with a skilful twitch. Each takes only a second or so to cook, and is then twitched off on to a big 264 flat wicket platter till there is a sufficient pile. When mealtime comes the family gather round, squatting just anywhere that

242 either there or anywhere else. Obviously it is placed directly on the fields or at least at definite short intervals.

Here the Hunzan system again showed some notable difference from the method practiced in the West. Practically all farmers in the West allow their manure to accumulate in piles or actually stack it in that manner. It is usually left there from one season to another at least and often longer. I've heard them refer to the older manure piles as well cured ones. I've always bemoaned this fact—yes, back as much as 20 years ago—because with every rain and with the snows in the winter, potent, rich, nutrient-ladened juices flowed off into the streams from my land and other lands. No one can deny that a fair part of the value of the manure is leached away forever.

In Hunza it is spread regularly on the land, between crops in the spring and summer. I distinctly saw many farms on which the manure had been distributed being plowed in. This is never done, to my knowledge, in the West. Therefore the Hunzan farmer does not lose any of his valuable, natural manures by leaching.

242 514 Because there is such a scarcity of organic materials, it is obvious that excrement must be used to the fullest extent. I looked, I gazed, I searched, I peered but nowhere did I see a sign of any human excrement being accumulated, saved or being used on the Hunzan farms. This mystified me.

In practically all parts of India and in some parts of Pakistan and perhaps in other Eastern countries, it is customary for the citizenry to stoop at the curb, right out in the middle of the street or sometimes beside a bush or planting of shrubs, and right there and then evacuate water or feces. No, this is not an exaggeration or a fairy tale, but the simple, unadulterated truth that is seldom told.

7:Tobe C.T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

That people avoid discussing this unpleasant topic is understandable; yet, by doing so, you and others who have no opportunity of visiting these areas are often given an incorrect picture. Whereas, in Pakistan and India, this unpleasant business took place practically everywhere, it was with a genuine feeling of relief and thankfulness that I found in Hunza it is positively never practiced—at least, I never saw even a sign of any such thing taking place—but evidently human excrement is used there. It is buried and eventually finds its way to the fields.

It took quite a search to track down the ways and means and methods of using this night-soil. I know that it is used extensively in the East and for that matter, it is also used in Mexico and perhaps in other parts of the Western world. There is no reason why it shouldn't be used if proper methods of curing or mellowing are followed. After all is said and done, our septic tanks are only putting a natural principle to work, but the shame of it is that in most cases it is entirely wasted.

The most common method of using night-soil in Hunza was to place it in a deeply (as deep as the rocky terrain of Hunza would allow) dug pit, which was carefully kept covered, and eventually, a year or two later, it was distributed over the fields.

Harvesting a crop of grain in Hunza is very much unlike our Western methods. They do not cut their grain but each wheat plant, or other grain, is pulled out individually, root and all, by hand. Then it is laid in neat bundles on the ground. When the harvesting or grain pulling process is complete, the roots are separated from the stalks by being cut or chopped off in bundles.